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NON-PRODUCERS.

"What do these men produce?" queried a prominent resident of the city yesterday referring to the proprietors of the Astor street brothels. Unconsciously he asked a question, the reply to which, fittingly describes the whole evil of the tenderloin element—"they produce nothing." Aside from the fact that these men are void of all moral appreciation, they are also void of enterprise. Their avocation is such, they bring all forces to bear upon an endeavor to arrive at some crafty method of separating the unwary from his money. The sums they accrue, as a result of their insidious practices, they hoard. They make limited expenditures, but among an element with which they are closely assimilated. In this we find their greatest evil. One may travel over the entire world and visit communities offering the most imposing and attractive edifices, the most solid of commercial interests, an intelligent appreciation of legitimate enterprise, of the virtues of education, of the drama and of morals, but to the element that supports institutions of the Astor street ilk, can be traced none of these very worthy advancements. No self-respecting city depends upon such a class for its existence. A few Job's comforters exist among us who are wont to predict that as a result of the advocacy against the brothels, the commercial interests of the city will become stagnant, and that the prominence among cities, to which Astoria is destined, will be forever lost. How utterly absurd. The dance halls may go and they will be forgotten. The persons who were their support may go and others will take their places—others who probably now remain away from this City by the Sea because of the stigma upon it.

These will come and co-operate with us. New commercial enterprises will be born, handsome buildings will be erected, new schools and places of worship established, the marine progress of the city will be marked, our streets will be improved, public parks will bloom within our confines, and last, but not least, our population will be increased. To these things look the producing element; NOT THE NON-PRODUCERS. The non-producing class will prevent, if possible, their attainment and the sooner the city is rid of these moral degenerates, the better, not only for the city, but for the people, especially, the children and the young women.

ACT OF PROVIDENCE.

In the ears of the people rings the news of another railroad catastrophe—the wreck of the world's fastest train, the "20th Century Limited," which, of very recent date, has been given considerable space in the press of the country on account of its remarkable feat in cutting the running time between Chicago and New York from 20 hours to 14. The train, when wrecked, was running at the rate of seventy miles an hour. It dashed into an open switch—was derailed and demolished. Five persons were killed and a hundred or more maimed. Many will die as a result of the injuries sustained. The task of attaching the blame, for the accident now occupies the minds of EDL ACT OF (2) the Lake Shore officials. They aver that the wreck was due to malicious mischief, supporting their contention with the statement that "a fast train passed the switch three quarters of hour before the limited came along." They argue further that the speed at which the train was running is of no significance in ascertaining the cause of the wreck. Notwithstanding the public is aghast at the horror and attaches all blame to the awful pace of the train. Seventy miles an hour—more than a mile a minute. It is impossible to conceive the impetus such a rate of speed gave the train in crashing into the switch. Had the speed been less, however, rather than being dashed to splinters, the engine and coach would

merely have been derailed and, possibly no lives would have been lost. While the officials of the road state they schedule their equipment on such time to meet with the demands of the public, they fail to explain, realizing as they certainly must that an open switch would wreak the most terrible destruction upon the beings carried in the fast moving train, why extraordinary precautions were not taken to prevent this "malicious mischief." Like the Iroquois and Slocum holocausts which differ with this wreck only in degree and not in kind—they were due to negligence—the officials of the railway will undoubtedly, accredit the cause to an "act of providence."

COMMENT

"Another great victory," will read headings in all the great daily newspapers. "Astoria morals defeat profanity," will read the sub-heads.

And now to affix the blame for the "20th Century Limited" wreck. "Due to malicious mischief," say the Lake Shore officials. The engineer was killed. Why not blame it upon him, following the idea of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company which attached the responsibility for the wreck of the Rio Janeiro upon the steamer's dead captain?

"Bowen-Loomis Scandal" tabled. Next!

"Our true friend 'Cassie C.' who though not of the equine family proved well as a pacer, and furnished the press with much reading matter, must share honors with the late Mr. Gaskell, who has inoculated the slumbering city of Philadelphia with the 'elixir of life.'"

Harvey W. Scott passed through this city a while ago. Is the Astorian then so formidable that the worthy editor-proprietor of the Oregonian was afraid to stop, or has Mr. Scott permitted professional differences to become personal animosities?

An editorial in the San Francisco, Cal. Bulletin is headed "The New Saloon." The opening was undoubtedly auspicious

Luther Burbank and President Roosevelt should cultivate each other's acquaintance—the one cultures cacti to palatableness; the other an olive branch on a big stick. Both are eminently "wizards."

At the Portland fair a body of representative men are making inroads into the good roads question.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Old Tale.

Come row me over the wave,
Charon,
Row me over the wave;
Life is an endless close shave, shave
Charon,
Row me over the wave.
—Lowell Otis Reese.

SONG.

If all my love were scattered into
gems—
The worldly stars we give our life to
gain—

Then in the night,
Fancy that now can bring me only pain.
Would radiant crowns contrive, and
crescents bright,

And burning diadems.
Then on thy finger the soft amethyst
Would tremble, love, and in thy hair
I'd twine

Warm rubies red;
While to the sweet throat I have never
kiss'd

Pure pearls, like clustering kisses,
would I wed,

And dream they made it mine.
—Herbert S. Weber, in Harper's Magazine.

Royal Road to Wealth.

Cobwigger—If you take advantage of your opportunities you will be in comfortable circumstances.

Freddie—What must you do in order to get rich, dad?

Cobwigger—Take advantage of other people's opportunities.

Social Economies.

"My dear girl, do you think it is right to let that young man spend so much money on you?"

"Why not? I have no intention of marrying him."

LETTERS TO HER.

(Before and after.)

My Dear Miss Lester: I am sending you a copy of the Browning edition that you admired at the Crofter's exhibition last week, and I look forward to the pleasure of reading some extracts

to you on any evening that you may find convenient.

I have never enjoyed in any other woman's society that exquisite sympathy that reveals by subtle appreciation the unspoken thought, the only jealously guarded vagaries of the misunderstood, the potencies of mind and heart that lie hidden in the most commonplace of us poor mortals, find in the divine intuition of a sweetly tender woman the grace and dignity that bowed humility justly attributes to reflected purity of the generous sympathetic soul. Pardon this outburst, but that last conversation, comprehensive and grave with the penetration that shows the trend of a serious mind above the tarnish of the gilded nonsense of the fleeting show, was a revelation that flashed across my consciousness to quicken my less spiritual nature into a vigor and response that it has not known for years. Your steadfastness and high-mindedness have given you a place apart from all others, and have brought back to me wanderer the shattered ideals of his vanished youth. Hoping to hear from you and to the gratification of a secret desire, I am, sincerely yours,

CHARLES BYINGTON.

December 29, 1900.

My Dearest: I cannot sleep. I am still vibrating to that tremulous "yes." The sesame that flung open the doors of Paradise will rest on my pillow of dreams, a fragrant flower that shall never lose its perfume in the fleeting glory of "the rose of yesterday."

You say that I might have been a poet! That was a dream of mine once, but, like lost ambitions, it lies buried in the grave of dead and withered hopes. Since you care to listen to my modest verse, to you, my queen, will I indite the truant fancy, and on the rosary of my prayerful muse will I string the bright beads of my reverent soul.

There is a dawn between us, and then, my own, the day will be complete in its vision of you. Am I too important?

May I call at 11? An unimaginative man must not lose sight of the heavens that hold the one star, for he might doubt in the waking hours the glory of his dreams. Your devoted

CHARLES.

June 5, 1901.

Dearest: I reached town too late to run up to see you, my love, and my eyes will be unblest by a sight of you until we meet at the altar tomorrow. I am like a school-boy, and the long years that are to make me steady and wise under your sweet influence beckon with the alluring charms of the vacation that shall never end. To make you the happiest of women is the hope that fills me with an unshaken confidence in my powers to protect and guard you from the slightest care or worry. Your days shall be as free as no woman's days were ever free before, and the shadow that reaches your dear eyes will vanish in the fullness of my love. I am filled with positive rage at the indifference of some married men to their wives, and the vow goes up from my heart that the lady whose colors I wear shall never have cause to grieve at the smallest lack from the one whose life is devoted to her happiness. Until tomorrow, sweetheart.

CHARLES.

P. S.—Take Browning, love, to read. —Jane Carr (S. F. Bulletin). (To be continued.)

No Secret About It.

It is no secret that for cuts, burns, etc., nothing is so effective as Bucklin's Arnica Salve. "It did not take long to cure a bad sore I had, and it is all O. K. for sore eyes, writes D. L. Gregory, of Hope, Texas. 25 cents at Charles Rogers' drug store.

Earnings.

Office boy—Wy, cert, I want more pay; I'm only getting "four" a week, and give my mother all I earn.

Proprietor—What do you do with the other three and a half?—Puck.

A Bad Scare.

Some day you will get a bad scare when you feel a pain in your bowels and fear appendicitis. Safety lies in Dr. Spaulding's New Life Pills, a sure cure for all bowel and stomach diseases, such as headache, biliousness, constipation, etc. Guaranteed at Charles Rogers' drug store, only 25c. Try them.

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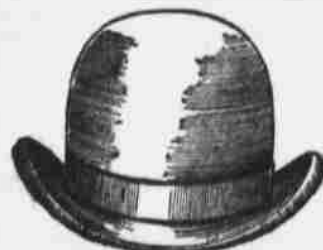
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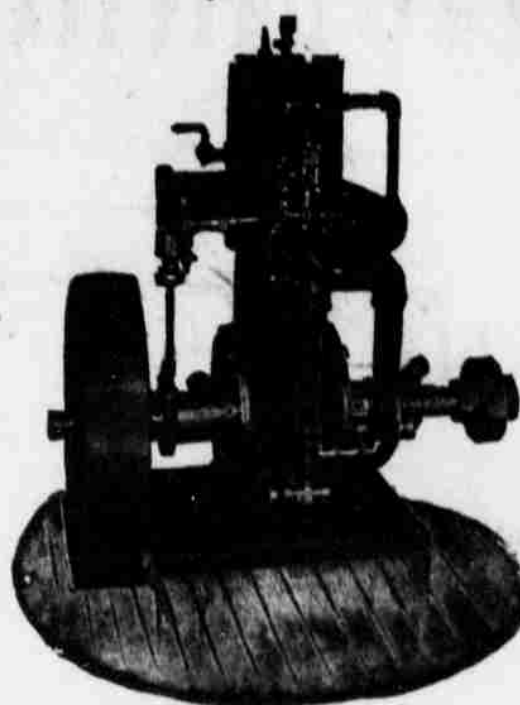


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